rivery evening I read for Dominque Drouin from eight thirty to nine o'clock. Read the first evening Topff er's *Le Col tfAnterne,* then *"Kanut*[99] and *"Aymerillot,"* both of which struck me as very bad; then *"Qceano Nox"* and the end of *"Les Malheureux** and other bits of *Les Contemplations,* which plunged me into the deepest admiration. Yesterday *"Les Djinns";* this evening Turgenyev's short story "The Dog/*[x]

Then, withdrawing into the little recess in the hallway, I read an hour of English before going to bed *(Robinson Crusoe* and Macaulay's study on the *Life of Byron).*

Leaving the Palais de Justice, where I had gone so that Fargue could not suspect my zeal. (He had come the evening before, panic-stricken, to beg me to intercede for a friend whose signature had been misused by some scoundrels — and the worst of it is that Fargue himself was not there, at the Palais de Justice. . . . He wanted me to intercede with Judge Flory; fortunately Marcel Drouin, whom I went to consult in the morning about the advisability of such a step, pointed out how contrary it was to all decency —and I was aware of this myself; but nothing is harder for me than an act that seems to be a side-stepping of responsibility; that is why I felt myself obliged to go to the Palais!) In the Vlllth Court I had seen only a few vague robbers appear. I had left Auteuil very early, hoping to stop at the Louvre on the way; but my fear of missing Fargue made me get there a half-hour too early* (I didn't tell him this in my letter this evening, in order not to seem to be complaining; I wrote that I had waited for him from noon until one o'clock; in reality I was there at eleven thirty.)

But, upon leaving, I went to the Louvre and, going up by the staircase of the Assyrians, went through all the galleries of drawings. I felt unresponsive and the light was as dull as possible. Saw the Thony-Thiery collection without any pleasure; admired at length the

Persian and Hispano-Moresque enamels — particularly a white bowl of the twelfth century (?). Had no real emotion except in front of Rembrandt's drawings. Naked body of a young man lying down; lord offering a flower (every line in perspective is suppressed—absent suggestion of the shoulder, which is seen from the front—wonderful; foreknowledge or forefeeling of the effect, which makes each suggestion eloquent). After that I

[1] "ICanut or the Parricide* and *AymenBot* are both narrative poems from Hugo's *Legende des siedes;* "Ni^ht over the Ocean," The Unfortunates," and "The Jinns" are also poems by Victor Hugo, as is the collection of *Les Contemplations.*